CAR STABLE HORSE DOCTORS.

Valuable Men to the Railroad Companies

It may not be generally known that every

large car stable in this city has its regularly

employed veterinary department, whose duty

it is to attend to all ailments and mishaps of

the horses, and who have by no means an

easy time of it. In fact, the hospital ward, as

it is called by the drivers and stablemen, is

usually pretty well filled up with disabled

mimals and the horse doctor has his hands

full of responsibility. One of the largest

TEN MINUTES IN A STORE DOOR

AN OBSERVANT WOMAN'S NOVEL WAY OF DESCRIBING FALL FASHIONS.

Mother and Children, Mistress and Maid-How a "Peach of a Girl" Manages to Look Bright and Keep a Rosy Complexon-A Darling Bit of Frivolity.



A store door is, perhaps, not the best place to which one might go for the latest fashions, but it is an unexceptionable ground for the investigation of the subject of public taste, Just stop a few moments in the door of what is acknowledged to be the "swellest" dry-goods shop in town. do we see?

In general, a number of women who carry themselves exceptionally well. A few very pretty, thoroughly New York women and a

singgish undercurrent of deadly, uninteresting and badly dressed fumps.

First comes in that old lady. Do you not thank heaven that she does not stand in the place of your dear, sweet, old-fashioned mother? Begin with the jointed feet squeezed into potent-leather high-heeled shoes, and let the glance run over the entire costume. See the thin, wasted body laced till it looks fit to break! See the big bustle like a deformity at the back, and the exaggerated shape of hips and bust. Look well at the bangles on the withered wrists and the heavy earrings in the bloodless cars; at the gaudy bonnet, fully fen inches tall, harsh and sharp above the faded face, and then, last of all, look at the thick paste of red and white laid upon the cheeks and the black lines about the eyes. Look well, and then tell me if you do not thank heaven doubly that your own dear mother does not dress like that.

Close behind this poor old creature come two children with their pretty French maid. Surely no one could find fault with them. The little girl goes doddering about on her tiny feet, her black silk socks slowly slipping down over the soft, flat, solid shoes. A dear little grandmother coat of brown cloth almost covers her simple white dress, while coat, dress, fat legs, baby and all are almost concealed by the big, wavering Leghorn hat, so simply trimmed with daisies, that is laid on the yellow head.

The boy is as much of a little man as his er? Begin with the jointed feet squeezed into

so simply trimmed with daisies, that is laid on the yellow head.

The boy is as much of a little man as his sister is of a baby. He wears low patentleather shoes, which only occasionally show themselves from beneath the wide-legged blue sailor trousers in which his small legs are completely lost. Over whatever waist he may wear is a blue chinchilla reefer, with pockets, in which, it need be said, are a pair of fat fists. On his cropped head is a Tarpaulin, on the ribbon of which is stamped, with true manly sympathy for the weakest, "Thistle."

"Thistle."

The maid is as picturesque in her way as her charges. She wears a simple dress of black, wide, turned-back white collar and cuffs and a long black-silk apron. Her cap is also of black silk, mob-shaped, with long ties reaching half the length of her skirt. Considering that the maid is a pretty "Mam'-zelle." with a delightful complexion and ruddy hair, the glances in her direction are not to be wondered at.

The next picture is far less pretty. The

The next picture is far less pretty. The gown is seen afar off, and noted by all, for is it not the new shade of green, and is it not

trimmed with rows on rows of ribbon in the new shades of brown? All the same, the eye is disappointed as the gown draws near; for that important feature, the girl in the gown has made a dreadful mistake in wearing those shades. Her hair is nother light nor dark, and is unbappily neither glossy nor fluffy. Her complexion is equally non-committal. There is a dull red in the cheek, but the part that should be clear, that about the ear and the mouth and the forehead, is unmistakably dingy. This poor rich girl should either study colors better or take better care of her skin and hair.

Ah, ha! Now, indeed, are you paid for the watching. Here come a dear peach of a girl. You are sure to agree with me that she is the prettiest bit of girl porcelain you have seen in an age. She goes to bed early, that girl, whenever she can, you may be sure, for her eyes are as clear and as bright as a baby's behind those funny little glasses that are always sitting so contentedly on the bridge of her straight nose. She cats good, sensible things, too, for her skin is as peachy and catable as the flesh of a real peach from the warm, sunny South. Her gown is simply one variation of the many we have already seen and are destined to see in the coming season—copper and black. The copper is lady's cloth, and the black is partly black moire and partly black silk passementerie, but the style is good; it clings to the girlish, round figure to a degree, and what more can you sak? Nothing save what the patent-leather walking-shoes, pretty on these slender feet, and the neat gloves and the saucy urban, tipped just a bit over the nose, and those self-satisfied glasses can give. She is a dashing bit of frivolity, and we love her for her nonsense. Don't we now?

A mature siren is making her way out of the door steaming in manifest.

Trivolity, and we love her for her nonsense.

Don't we now?

A mature siren is making her way out of the door, stopping in magnificent pose to gaze upon some beautiful tea-gowns near by.

Tell me, what do you think of her? She must be fully five feet ten, she is big all about, and it must be confessed that she looks excessively well-groomed. You don't like masque veils? No more do I. Nor cream of beauty? Horrors! Nor so gorgeous a velvet and black satin a gown out shopping? It is bad taste, isn't it. And as for the velvet shoes? Ah, well, it isn't so very bad after all. She is in her carriage, and one could forgive her much, if it were not for the fact that she wore black-dressed kid gloves with white stripes between the fingers, and confessed by the market books in her hand as to where she had been before. You start, my patient friend! What, not going? Have I bored you? What's that? Don't we now?

You start, my patient friend! What, not going? Have I bored you? What's that? You do not care to see another heliotrope dress, and there's one coming now. Bless you, dear one. I do not blame you! We F. B. M.

A Misfit Question.

[From the Hinneapolis Star.] Bingley is a bashful man when ladies are around. He was walking down Fourth avenue the other morning after the rain and it was very muddy. over a side street that was fairly dry, and Bingley came up just as two ladies were on the point of crossing. The older one behind stopped to hitch up her dress a trifle to avoid the mud, and Bingley followed close behind the younger and pretty one, who thought her companion was still following her. Bingley, who is a bachelor, noticed her trim figure, the neatness of her dress and hair with pleasure. But what was his horror after the street was crossed to see her turn half round and hear her inquire in a matter-of-fact tone, "Could you see my red stockings?" Bingley stammered something and made a wild dash down the side street, and the girl, covered with confusion, continued on her course with her amused companion.

Back From His Uncle's. When early spring stole softly to this shore,

I gave to thee a very glad farewell ; I vowed that I would see thee nevermore, Thy charms were gone and broken was the spell. We meet again, and warm is thy embrace. Ah, broken pride ! Still on thee must I dote ; Believe me, none has come to take thy placeABOUT THE POLITICIANS

of Convergation Overheard in Publi



HE following stray bits of politics galore and statesmanlike wisdom were overheard last evening by an EVENING WORLD reporter at various public resorts: "Why don't Gov. Hill get

/////// married." "Tim Campbell has appointed fifty men in the Navy Yard." "Eddie Cahill is very sick. Some of the boys ought to call upon him."

Harmony is a picnic for the favorites o the bosses,"
"I will get the Tammany Hall nomination
for Alderman if the shift comes our way.
The Counties would then name the Assem-

blyman."

'The rank and frie of Irving Hall in our district consists of two brothers. One brother is the rank and the other brother the file."

'If the newspapers are going to dictate nominations, what is the use of belonging to

nominations, what is the use of the control of an organization."

"Civil Justice Norton is laid up with a swelled leg. If he remains sick, sympathy will re-elect him."

"Pil bet that 50,000 Republicans will stay

"I'll bet that 50,000 Republicans will stay at home on election day."

"Yes, but you can bet that the Labor people won't work or stay at home. They will be at the polls, and don't you forget it."

"I am a Prohibitionist: I want to prohibit the political bosses selecting whoever they please for us to vote for."

"Have you seen Col. Theodore A. Hamilton? I am looking for a tip."

"Somebody has put blankets on Col. Tom. Ochiltree for a Congressional race next year."

"You ought to hear Tom. Walsh discussing the tariff question."

"When a delegation of politicians call upon Mayor Hewitt in search of an office lots are drawn to see who will be the unlucky man to broach the subject to His Honor."

"The same old names are once more to the front."

"The same old names are once more to the front."

'A union is off when the sun goes down on

election day."
"The Republican party hasn't any anchor."
"George will not get more than 45,000 votes
in this city this trip."
"He will increase his vote in the brown-"He will increase his vote in the brownstone districts, but will lose votes on the east and west sides and down town."

"The Socialists will poll 4,000 votes in the Eighth and Tenth Assembly Districts."

"I have heard of very few bets on the

election."
"The Republicans won't bring Foraker here this time. They had enough of him in 1885."
The lodging-house votes should be sup-

"There are fully 15,000 illegal votes polled from lodging-houses every important election."
"The lodging-house vote is auctioned off to the highest bidder."

What do convention platforms amount

to?"

'Chippy birds light on the telegraph wire and pick at the platform taffy as it flies away from the convention."

Creamer run for from the convention."
"Why don't Thomas J. Creamer run for Senator in the Seventh?"

Complications of Justice.

" Jim Richardson, am ver guilty of felonionsis an' unceremoniously an' premeditionously stealing Sam Wessel's chickens widout askin' his per-mission?" asked Judge Johnson.

'em."
But der chickens were found in yer posses-

stables in the city is that of the Third Avenue line at Sixty-seventh street. The average number of horses kept in that stable is about seventeen hundred. It is well known that a horse could be put to no more racking and wearing work than dragging horse cars, especially over so long and tedious a route as the Third avenue. For this reason the number of disabled horses on this line is always very

of disabled horses on this line is always very large.

The large hospital room, which is connected with the station, is always well filled with equine patients, and according to the veterinarian of the line, the number is generally in the neighborhood of one hundred and fifty. The troubles of the animals principally arise from strains and wrenches which they receive in pounding over the cobblestones, and they are very seldom disabled by sickness or disease. Occasionally they get overheated in the summer, and that necessitates laying them off for a few days or weeks, but usually their feet and legs give out, their muscles get puffed up and stiff, and then they are at once sent to the hospital. Sometimes, too, it is owing to carelessness or cruelty of drivers that a horse is disabled.

Whenever an animal is found to be injured

disabled.

Whenever an animal is found to be injured in any way he is at once put on the sick list and turned over to the doctor. If he is a young horse and has not been hammered and pounded too much a few days, or a week at the most, will put him in condition again. However, if after a few experiences of this kind it is found that he cannot be brought around so easily by poultices and plasters, and eventually the joints begin to stiffen and swell up and he is pronounced unfit for further car work and is turned over to the sales-stables.

stables.

The average period of usefulness of the car-horse is about three years. A few extraordinarily tough brutes can stand it ten or twelve years. In fact, they have a horse now in the service of the Third Avenue Company in the service of the Third Avenue Company which has survived that time. His name is Billy, and he is an old white horse. He dees not look by any means as broken down as a great many of his younger companions. In car pulling, as in a variety of other pursuits in life, it is evident that a good deal depends on the way it is done, and Uncle Billy seems to have discovered how to do it without undergoing the usual physical risks that are popularly supposed to be unavoidable in this occupation. Not a few horses, however, wear out within six months after they have been put on the road, and must be sold again for country work.

It is the province of the veterinary surgeon to decide when horses are laid up whether they shall be returned to work again after being patched up, or whether they are too far gone to bother with. In every case he decides in favor of the horse, because the company is very particular with regard to its

decides in favor of the horse, because the company is very particular with regard to its live stock, and it would not do to show any lame or broken-down horses on the street. When a horse is no more use to the company, as has been said, it is sold. The prices shun. Splain dat."

"Well, Boss, I didn't take 'em. Another nigger stoled dem all, an' he gin me haf of what he got for gwine 'long an' holdin' de lantern. But, usually brought are from \$25 to \$35 apiece.

SONGS FOR A CENT.

me ter steal things."

"Release de prisoner," cried the Judge. "He has been a-doin nothin' worthy of condemnation. It would be a check on de liberuses of de world ef dis Court should say dat it was unlawful fer a man ter hire out to hold a lantern for another man, whether de other man 'grees to pay him in chickens, ole clothes or money." low the Public Gets its Cheap Music-The Popular Songs of the Season.

Dr. Henry V. Wildman, who for five years past has had charge of the insane pavilion at Bellevue Hospital, has resigned his position, has married and taken up his residence at 137 West Forty-ninth street. At two or three street corners in New York Prof. J. D. Bryant, M. D., who accompanies President Cleveland on his tour, is one of the most eminent surgeons in this city. He is a member of the Medical Board and a visiting surgeon of Bellevue Hospital, and lately has been appointed a Commissioner of the Board of Health. little sheets of paper flutter in the air with printing on them that looks like poetry. They are songs, at a cent apiece. Some are classical, many were dear to the ears of past generations, others are " revival " airs, negro ditties are numerous, a great number are Dr. W. Travis Gibb, whose term of service as House Physician on the Second Medical Division of Bellevue Hospital expired Oct. 1, has received an appointment on the staff of the Hospital for the Relief of the Ruptured and Crippled, Forty-second street and Lexington avenue. love songs and there is a class, with titles full of filial devotion, which may be styled

mother" songs.
One or two small rooms in Park Row furnish One or two small rooms in Park Row lurman them to the whole country. In 1879 they were printed with a hand press, but the next year a steam printing press was used. As fast as a song runs out a new edition of 1,200 copies is

a steam printing press was used. As fast as a song runs out a new edition of 1,200 copies is printed from a stereotype plate.

Most of the songs are copyrighted, but the publishers are willing that the Park row place should issue all the cent reprints it can. In the first place, printing the words in this cheap way increases the demand for the song with the music. Then the publisher of the cent sheets sells the words with the music for the unvarying price of 40 cents. He buys them of the other publishers at prices ranging from 30 cents to 60. All the cent reprints are copyrighted.

Two pale-faced girls came into the room in Park row, yesterday. They were about fifteen years of age. "Have you got 'Our Good Ship Sails To-night?'" asked one of them. She bought two copies of it, and two of "Her Own Boy, Jack."

"I'd like 'I'm Waitin' My Love's Return,'" said the other. They paid their five cents and went out happy.

"What is the most popular song you have?"

have?"
"The Old Folks at Home," was the prompt reply. "It came out thirty years ago, and has sold steadily ever since. We are printing new editions of it all the time."

new editions of it all the time."

"What are some other favorite songs?"
Love songs always sell well. 'Good-bye,
My Love, Good-bye,' is one of the most
popular. 'The Dying Girl's Message' goes
well too. All the 'Mother' songs catch on
every time. There are no less than fifty
'Mother' songs in the publisher's stock."
Some of this year's crop of cent songs are:
"White Wings." 'The Letter that Never
Came," 'Cricket on the Hearth" and "Since
My Mother's Dead and Gone."
Popular songs are set to a tune that is not

My Mother's Dead and Gone."

Popular songs are set to a tune that is not only catching but easily caught. People hear them at the theatre, find themselves humming them afterwards, wish they had the words to that song, see it somewhere for a cent and buy it. After a few demands for some particular song, the publisher sees that it has taken and prints it.

Business houses buy thousands of the popular cent songs, print an advertisement on the blank side, and distribute them gratuitously. It pays. People keep the song, advertisement and all.

Larger sheets are printed with six or eight

Larger sheets are printed with six or eight songs for two cents. But these do not take as well. The sheet is too large. After figging a little during the era of cheap music with words, the cent songs are now looking

Might Have Had the Pleasure Before. [From the Galucaton News]
An Austin, Tex., family has a colored servant that, while very attentive to her duties, has never ly as an experiment, the lady of the house bought her a new calico dress and gave it to her, saying: "I am glad to have the pleasure, Mattlidy, of giv-ing you this dress." "You mout hab had dat pleasure long ago ef yer had had any regard fo' my feelings," was the gra-cious reply.

Young Sampson, who thinks he can play the cornet, is serenading his girl when the old gentleman interrupts him with:
'' Here, you! We don't want fish at this hour of night."

Lexington avenue.

In the past three months there were 1,074 telephone ambulance calls at Bellevue Hospital. Of these 119 were "hurry calls," when an ambulance rattles out in one minute or less after the call comes; but of these hurry calls 35 were "no case," that is, the ambulance was not wanted. One of the hurry calls was a case of gout, from which the victim had been suffering for years, till all of a sudden he concluded to call an ambulance at lightning speed. Probably this patient was own cousin to Mark Twain's prisoner, who pined in his solitary cell for twenty years, till one morning it occurred to him to open the unbarred window and jump out.

Briefs from Bellevue Hospital

He Got the Tickets.

(From the Dublin Times.) There was a race meeting at Ballyknockhim, and many of the sporting element ran the time as near as could be, so much so that some of them had no time to get tickets before jumping into the train. When nearing Ballyknockhim they began to ponder on the subject, saying:

"How will they give us tickets here? They will be delaying; shure we'll miss the first race." A genleman present observed: "Oh, I'll get them for ye; don't be annoying yourseives." On arriving at the last station before Ballyknock-him, out he got, and presently returned, saying: "How many are there of ye without tickets?" "Three." they said.

"Oh, by the mother of Moses! I have lashings and leavings for ye. I have folve."
"More power to ye! How did ye get them?"
"Oh, I saw a carriage full of English towerists, and I opened the door and said sharply to them, 'Now then, tickets here!' and be jabbers, they handed them up at once." ' How will they give us tickets here? They will

AMUSEMENTS.



The great painting is now on view at 239 5th ave., near 27th st., daily from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M. Admission, 25c.

A CADEMY OF MUSIC. 14th st. and Irving place.
4TH WEEK. Evenings at 8. Mat. Sat. at 7.
Elaborate production of the latest London Meledrama,
A DARK SECRET.
Reserved seate, 50c., 75c., 61. Family circle, 25c.
GENERAL ADMISSION, 50c. LYCRUM THRATRE 4th ave, and 23d. st.
Begins 8.16 with EDITHA'S BURGLAR. At 8.45
THE GREAT PINK PEARL:
THE GREAT PINK PEARL:
WEDNESDAY MATINEE.
THE HIGHEST BIDDER AND EDITHA'S BURGLAR

5 TH AVE. THEATRE. 4TH WEEK. Evenings at 8. Saturday Matines at 2. MRS. LANGTRY MAURICE BARRYMORE and her companied by MAURICE BARRYMORE and her company in her successful production. on company in her successful produ AS IN A LOOKING GLASS. Splendid scenery and appointment

PANJO-HENRY O. DOBSON, MANUFATURER and teacher of the patent eitrer-bell banjo. I guarantee to teach this popular instrument in one course of ten weeks' lessons, with regular musical notation or by my simple method without potes, as the pupil may desire. HENRY O. DOBSON, 1270 Broadway. THALIA TO-NIGHT. DROP OF POISON

Saturday, Junkermann's first appearance in SPECTOR BRAEZIG.

YORKSHIRES HAVE THE CALL .



HE favorite dogs for pets this autumn," said an old dog fancier to an Evening World reporter, "will be foxterriers, small white bull-terriers and Yorkshires. The latter are

dency towards fox and bull-ter-

riers, no doubt because they have the reputation of being more manly dogs. At any rate, men have affected them from time immemorial, and women who are getting tired of spaniels and pugs and poodles are going in for animals of an entirely different stripe.

"Fox-terriers are not particularly good natured dogs, but they have the advantage of being aristocratic, which makes up for a great many unpleasnt things about them, and then too they are fashiomable. They began to get popular about two years ago and now there is no doubt that they are away ahead of all other pet dogs. You can't get a good fox-terrier under \$25 and they sometimes sell as high as \$1,000, especially imported breeds.

"There's one in that cage," he went on, pointing to a little white, shaggy bobtailed dog of very meek appearance, "that's imported. You see he has the shaggy rough hair. Well, that dog couldn't be bought for \$700. Most of the fox-terriers you see in this country, however, are domestic."

"How about bull-terriers? Oh, they are always just about so popular, and there is

"How about bull-terriers? Oh, they are always just about so popular, and there is always a good market for them. The kind that the ladies like are very small, weighing only from three to six pounds, and they cost \$50 apiece and upward. They are very gentle dogs and will give their mistresses very little trouble if they are properly brought up. Yorkshires and silver Scotches are nice pet dogs, but we do not sell as many of them as we do of the ones just mentioned. The other day I sold one of the finest Yorkshires I ever saw for \$400. She weighed only five pounds and her hair was 22 inches long, which is something quite unprecedented. A pure-bred silver Scotch will fetch anywhere from \$200 up.

Other ladies' pets are King Charles and Blenheim spaniels, which still retain a certain amount of popularity, although the market for these fancy breeds is not large, and fine dogs are scarce. According to Fancier D. P. Foster, one of the best known dog men in this vicinity. Mount St. Bernards will be the coming pets in this country. Efforts have been made here to breed pure-blooded Swiss Mountain dogs and with the most gratifying success during the past few years, and the breed is now so popular that Mr. Foster says he could have sold every puppy he could raise last season. He did, as a matter of fact, raise seventy-five and every one of them had been disposed of before they were three weeks old.

A great majority of the so-called St. Ber-

weeks old.

A great majority of the so-called St. Bernards which are now bred in this country were crossed in England with the mastiff and berghund. This has not only had the effect of vitiating the stock, but it has changed the

them unsurpassed, while their growing popularity is a hopeful sign that the smaller animals are to a certain extent to be placed in the background when it comes to a question of really valuable and intelligent dogs for household pets or household protection. There is a uniform price for St. Bernard puppies under eight weeks old, and that is \$100 apiece.

Marder Done on Reasonable Terms

Pitteburg Disputch's New Fork Letter.]
While such luxuries of living and of benefaction come into view, I have stumbled on a curious attempt to make a business of murder. Suicide and not homicide was contemplated, however, and the man had no idea of being a criminal. A Wis-consin friend sent to me a printed circular, in which the means of killing one's self comfortably and quickly was offered at \$10. The singular operator said that he believed in suicide as a surcease of sorrow and that he had long deplored the cruel, painful methods commonly employed. Drowning, shooting, stabbing and most alrecase of sorrow and that he had long deplored the cruel, painful methods commonly employed. Drowning, shooting, stabbling and most polsons were denounced by him as barbarous expedients. He was a chemist, he said, and he had made a study of the subject of suicide. He could guarantee that his customers would, if they desired, take their own lives without a shadow of uncertainty or a single twinge of suffering. This knowledge he was willing to mail confidentially on receipt of \$10. By the aid of the New York postal officials and the detective police, I have learned that the sender of the circular is a crank. He is a former drug clerk, now living at 28 West Ninety-first street, named Ernest Van Orden. He is now crasy, and until lately he was employed in a pharmacy, where his skill and reliability were not questioned. He is something of a scientist, too, and Prof. Ogden Doremus says that he has considerable attainments as as a chemist. The police do not feel that they have sufficient evidence on which to act, but the Postmaster will not deliver his mail any longer, and so readers who would like to test his discovery are without hope. The beiler is that an instantly deadly polson is what Van Orden recommends.

He Shadowed the President.

[From the Chicago Herald.] "Yes, sir, I am a private detective, and understand my business," was the explanation and declaration made by James Martin when taken before Justice White vesterday morning. Two officers testified that Martin persisted in following President and Mrs. Cleveland in all their devious wanderings. He was discovered by a porter at the Palmer House at a late hour Wednesday night, in she act of shadowing the private apartiments of Mrs. Cleveland. He stoutly maintained at the time that he was in the private employ of the President. When asked by Justice White for an explanation he said:

"I am a private detective in the employ of a syndicate of Eastern Democrats who have determined that the Golteau incident shall not be repeated. My instructions are that no suspicious characters shall be allowed to approach the President, and in the discharge of that duty I was arrested."

Martin is a tall, well-dressed man, with dark complexion, a jet black mustache, and glistening white teeth. His eyes have that glitter peculiar to the greuns crank, and they did not belie their possessor. A brief examination demonstrated that the man was either a would-be thefor a crank. Justice White gave him the benefit of the doubt and placed him in charge of an officer. who preofficers testified that Martin persisted in follow-

Justice White gave him the benefit of the doubt and placed him in charge of an officer, who pre-sented him to Dr. Moser, who pronounced Martin insane.

| From Le Gaulois,]

overdressed would-be dude threw away the cigar he had just lighted and, raising his hat to a charminglooking but unprotected American lady, he said:
"Can I call a cab?"
A faint look of astonishment on the lady's face
was followed by a smile and a sweetly murmured:

" Mercl."
When the cab was secured the gentleman, hand-

A Strong Class. ton Free Press, 1 Father-Who are the leading men in your class

ball around two posts; Tom Smith can kick nine feet and two inches figh, and Andy Jordan, can throw any man in the university. Our class is going to make a brilliant record, father,

AMUSEMENTS. 230 STREET TABERNACLE

TO-MORROW,

M. DE MUNKACSY'S

GREAT RELIGIOUS PAINTING.

CHARLES SEDELMEYER, Proprie

"Calvary" is a worthy companion to his "Christ before Pilate." It has the same superb dramatic force, the same intense realness, the same wonderful power of making the divine element apparent without the slightest departure from the bare historical facts.—Christian World, March 5, 1885.

POOLE'S THEATRE,
TO MI oth st., between 4th ave, and Broadway.

O CENTS,
BO CENTS,
BO

DOCKSTADER'S.

BUSINESS BOOMING.
Cleveland's Western Trip.
Volunteer and Thistle.
"FALL, OF NEW BABYLON."
THREE NEW BONGS.
Synthysis, 8.30.
Baturday Mattines, 2.55. evenings, 8.30.

H.R.JACOBS'S 3D AVE. THEATRE. Prices, 10c.; Res. Seats, 20c. & 80c.

House packed. Not even standing room.

Matinees Monday, Wednesday and Saturday
BARTLEY CAMPBELL'S "CLIO." Oct. 17. THE WILBUR OPERA CO.

14 TH STREET THRATES.

14 TJ. W. ROBERGUIST.

MINNIE PALMER.

THE RIVE PROPERTY AND THE REPER.

AND THE REPER.

MY WEETH RANT.

Beats secured in advance at usual prices.

BUNNELL'S MUSEUM, MARVELLOUS SEALS. Broadway, in OLD LONDON STREET. The very largest show ever given.

Open from noon until 10 P. M.

WALLACK'S.
Wallack'S.
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This Tuesday Evening, Out. 11
Commencement of the REGULAR SEASON with the production of Sydney Grundy'S commely dream.
THE MOUSE TRAP.
THE MOUSE TRAP.
GREAT CAST.
BJOU OPERA-HOUSE.
Evenings and Saturday Mattines at 2.
SALSBURY TROUBADOURS.
THE HUMINIC BIRD.

CRAND OPERA HOUSE. Open from noon until 10 P. M.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

MR. AND MRS. MCKEE RANKIN
IN THE GOLDEN GIANT
Next wesk—CLARA MORRIS.

IT WASN'T A NIGHTMARE

Genulae Pickpocket, as Mr. Sullivas Found Out Two D ays Later.

Mr. Denis Sullivan is a well-known Der crat and Grand Army man of the Thirteenth Ward. He has a saloon on the east side where he serves crullers and pigs' feet for a free lunch. Down at Liberty Island her swells out as a caterer under the shadow of the Goddess of Liberty. Mr. Sullivan is small of size, has a neat, trim figure and sports a watch chain that emulates the Brooklyn Bridge cables. Several days ago Mr. Sullivan journeyed to Phil helphia to meet some old soldier friends. He started on his return home. He fell asleep in the cars and was suddenly awakened by feeling a hand in his trousers' pocket, where a fat pocketbook was snugly hid away. Mr. Sullivan's teeth were at work the next moment at a first and the other passengers were treated to howle of pain from the man who owned the fist.

howls of pain from the man who owned the fist.

Then everybody in the car got tangled up, and when the brakeman had straight, sned things out a little Mr. Sullivan vowed that the man who sat next to him had attempted to rob him. The latter denied the accusation and said he would have Mr. Sullivan arrested for mayhem when the train arrived in Jersey City. Mr. Sullivan began thinking. He knew that he had had attacks of nightmare after attending banquets in honor of the Poet Geoglegan.

"I wonder," he cogitated, "if I dreamed that the fellow had his hands in my pocket, and while in a state of snoring unconscious, and while in a state of snoring unconscious.

"I wonder," he cogitated, "if I dreamed that the fellow had his hands in my pocket, and while in a state of snoring unconsciousness if I picked up the paw of an innocent fellow passenger and began to bite it. Gress the best thing I can do is to disappear from the train when it slows up at Newark."

Mr. Sullivan carried out this idea while the stranger was allowing ice-water to drip on his lacerated hand. Mr. Sullivan remained in Newark for two days and communicated with his friends by wire. Several of them went to Newark to see him, and finally persuaded him to continue his homeward trip. Arriving at Jersev City Mr. Sullivan and his friends visited Taylor's Hotel, and while there a detective recognized Mr. Sullivan, and approaching him, remarked:

"Why did you get off the train the other evening? I saw the man put his hands in your pocket, and I saw how you caught him and bit him. I intended to arrest him as soon as we got to Jersey City, but you skipped while I was keeping my eye on him. You are a nice sort of a chap."

"Give us a bottle," said Mr Sullivan.

Cost of Running a Theatre. [From the Louisville Courier-Journal,]
Few people have an idea of the cost of running

theatre. One of the local managers yesterday stated that his daily expense was \$100. This includes rent of the house, heating, gas, advertisements, bill-posters' pay and all the numberless things for which a manager has to pay. The theatre receives 60 to 70 per cent, of the gross receipts. Thus, if a company does not take in as much as \$2,000 a week, the house loses momey. Many combinations do not receive the half of \$2,000 in a week. Companies frequently do not average \$30 a night. Some greatly exceed \$3,000, and of course they have to make up for the losses of the poor ones. Nat Goodwin will come pretty near averaging \$5,000 a week throughout the season. He played to something in the neighborhood of that amount here, but he went to St. Louis on the following week, during the encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, and played to \$5,000, which is an enormous business. The only company which approached that sum here last season was the Boston Ideal Opera Company. In the museums, the companies usually get only 45 per cent. of the gross receipts. ludes rent of the house, heating, gas, advertise

He Liked the Town. [From the Chicago Tri

The President-Dan, my visit to Chicago was the most agreeable one of the year. *
Dan—Yes, air. The magnificent display of police and military, the enthusiasm of the vast

The President-Certainly, certainly; that was all well enough, but what I mean is, that I wan't issed by any red-headed woman with a violent breath, and nobody fired pancakes at us. I think I should like to live in Chicago—after 1888, or

MARPLE'S JUSTIFICATION.

BY ROBERT C. V. MEYERS. med from Monday's EVENING WORLD.)

C 601 10

the porch. There was a grim smile on her face. She had her revenge; Mary Croll would understand would understand — Mary Croll, who without a word had ever let her know the truth would murmur. "The way of the transgressor is hard;" how she would take to herself those imprecatory

ARTHA still sewed on

which he calls for vengeance upon his enemies and the doers of his undoing. "And I have told Rosy," she

thought. It would be something new to mark the working of her daughter's mind; she knew that Rosy was like herself, and it would be interesting to note if she loved as deeply as her mother once did. If Rosy loved John, her mother's wrong while it would appeal to her would make her hold with tenacity to the son of the woman her father had loved, as to the innocent victim of her mother's

wrath. But Rosy would not dare to marry him-if she were like her mother she would not dare

to marry him.

And how John would despise his mother as the cause of it all!

Revenge was sweet; she had not waited all Revenge was sweet; she had not waited all these years for nothing; there was a grave into which her husband had been thrust after the horrors of Chancellorsville—nay, that grave was in her heart, and over it she had wept tears of blood, of self-accusation, of blame of him, of Mary, of even God. And now her vengeance had overtaken the wrongdoer. Wait long enough and your enemies are in your power.

There was a step on the porch. She would not look up; Rosy should not think that she took a mean advantage of the situation. She composed her face and sewed interestedly. She pitied Rosy; she loved her with all the love denied by a husband who had known how his wife had worshipped him from her earliest girlhood, and yet who could wrong that love and worship.

She had never been able to show in soft ways what Rosy was to her; her soft ways had become hard ways when the girl was newly born; for had she not by that time come to know that her husband's love was not hers? are in your power.

hewly born; for had she husband's love was not hers?

She wondered that Bosy did not break the silence. Poor child! Of course she loved John Croll, and—suppose Rosy were like herself; in that case she would sink into a querulous old woman dreaming of old posst. bilities, would see John marry some one clase, would feel that he had forgotten her. Forget her ! Had Thaddeus forgotten her. Forget her ! Had Thaddeus forgotten Mary when he knew what credence she gave to goesiping tongues that had told her about Mary; he had dearly loved the little baby, and had sorely grieved because his wife was so cruelly hard and unforgiving.

But John would love again and marry.

If Sam Fenner was her to farm, now, this horsewhip you. Leave the farm, now, this horsewhip you. Leave the farm, now, this minute!"

It was her voice, but how hollow and strange. There was a fierce light in her eyes now, and he qualled before it—the man who had let his wife believe him dead for twenty years.

"You are!"

"Good.bye!" he said. "Good.bye!" he said. "Good.bye!" he said. "Of course I'm to blame. I can't say any more. But I forbid working: "me unlovin' and untrue!"

"How dare you!"—her face blanched and working: "me unlovin' and untrue!"

"To your husband."

She ran to him:

"You are!"

"How dare you!"—her face blanched and working: "me unlovin' and untrue!"

"To your husband."

She laughed at this, following him up as he walked toward the steps of the porch:

"You wretch!" she said. "Lohn Oroll's walked toward the steps of the porch:

"You wretch!" she said. "Lohn Oroll's walked toward the steps of the porch:

"The love of two young hearts."

Love again! why, he loved Rosy; if he could love again why could not Thaddeus have loved again after Mary had broken with him? Had Thaddeus loved his wife? The

him? Had Thaddeus loved his wife? The question startled her; she had never asked it since she had known that he had loved Mary. She frowned the answer away now.

At any rate Rosy would see John a happy husband and father. Had Mary seen Thaddeus a happy husband and father? Mary had known that Thaddeus was unhappy in his home life, that his wife drove him forth to death—she must have known it.

And Rosy—she wished Rosy would not be so quiet; she relied upon Rosy more than she cared to acknowledge. Rosy, her only child, her all.

"Mrs. Marple!"

"Mrs. Marple!" of the old days. Mary Croll's son was ill because of the love he bore the daughter of the woman his mother hadinjured. How Mary would writhe, and how her soft melodious voice, so often tuned to 'Bible sanctities, would murmur, "The sewing dropped from her hands. The mew farm-hand was on the porch, not Rosy. "The like o' youens is always worryin' wenns," she complained. "Sam Pennel gives the orders; I've nothin' to do wi' the farm. Dear knows I'm as tired to death as a widow woman can be. I'll sell the farm, that's what I'll do, I'll sell it; don't care if 'twas my father's an' his father's before him. What you want?"

"I've got somethin' to say to you; will you listen?"
She did not like his manner; but she would brave him.

"What is it now? The strikers comin'?

"What is it now? The strikers comin'? Your wo'k done in the gyarden?"
"I want to tell you 'bout a man out West. I'm from there. He come there two months back sick as could be. He had somethin' on his mind, was out of his head. He talked in his fever; he'd ask a girl to have him, and the girl's mother wouldn't hear of it. He come West, sick: I found him near my ranch and I took him in. He got better and wrote a letter to the girl and got me to take it to the mail. I saw the girl's name on the envelope. I pretended the South-East wanted me and I come to the South-East carryin' his letter with me. I posted the letter day before yesterday right here. The girl got it this mornin'. She didn't notice the postmark, I guess; she only looked at the letter."

er."
Martha's face had darkened while he spoke, Martha's face had darkened while he spoke, until it would have made many a man, undertaking his mission, hesitate to continue in it.

"You come from John Croll," she said.
"You hired wi' me an' spied on me till you done had a chance to attact me when I was alone. That's like John Croll's blood, to give such orders. My daughter "

"Your daughter knows nothing of it; your daughter has just destroyed John Croll's letter."

"You have saw her do it, eh?—you have saw her do it? Then take that for an answer to John Croll—that she destroyed his letter.

She had risen to her feet, and with extended arm pointed to the road. He stood his 'It may mean death—death to John Croll,' said, '' death." "You got my daughter's answer wi' out a word from me or her. His death be at your

door."

"Your daughter loves him."

"You got her answer," she doggedly persisted, "you got her answer."

"Her answer is what you make it," he said.

"How?" she oried, "you been spyin' on us while we talked a bit ago? You been eavesdroppin' all this month you been here? That's why I didn't see you till this mornin', is it?—you been too sly to face me. Jenn Oroll's blood tells in his orders to his spies. If Sam Pennel was here I'd order him to horsewhip you. Leave the farm, now, this minute!"

"I tall you your daughter loves John."

what's to make me change my mind an' give my daughter to him, is it?"
"Then you own that you force your daugh-ter to do as you'd have her do?"

ter to do as you'd have her do?"

"Force! Yes, if her mother's sufferin' is force; yes, if her daughterliness sees in my life anythin' to turn her again the son of her that spoiled that life."

"Had you loved your husband"—

"Had I loved him!" she shrilled. "Had I loved him! Is it hate of him that makes me like I am after his death? Is it hate of him that makes me accuse myself daily, hourly, an' makes me dream of him night after night when all the rest o' the world is sleepin' sound, an' I go over the whole way in my sleep, an' see him in constant danger, shot down, murdered, an' me powerless to save him?"

The man took hold of the contract of the same took hold.

The man took hold of the rail of the porch.
"If you loved him why don't you make his child happy?" he demanded.
"When John Croll's mother—"
"If you loved him who have." you loved him why don't you make his child happy?
"Wi' the son of that woman?—let her feel

she's always conquered?"

"If that woman loved your husband and did not marry him, would it not be somethin' of pain for her to know her son loved thin of pain for her to know her son loved your husband's daughter?"

For a moment she wavered, as though she weighed his words in her mind.

"If my husband had loved his wife it would," she said then. "Go! go away from here! Let my daughter marry him? Never! I know women; let his mother how it was in my rower to make her say.

Never! I know women; let his mother know it was in my power to make her son happy, an' I wouldn't. That'il be sharper pain than any other. Go! For why do I talk like this to you? It's only another reason why I should hate John Croll—sendin' you here to me a helpless woman."

"He does not know I am here."
She waved her hand mistrustingly.

"His mother sha'n't always conquer; she kept my husband from me, she sha'n't take my daughter. "As the husband is the wife is,' Rosy reads in a book; the wife goes over to the husband's people if she loves him. Mary Croll's son shall never marry my daughter."

"He shall!"
A change had come over the man; faced

A change had come over the man; faced her, hard as she. Her hand went up over her heart. "Martha!" Whereat she fell back. Whereat she fell back.

"Martha, no grave near Chancellorsville
or elsewhere holds the body of Thaddeus
Marple. He feared his wife and got dispirited; after the war he went West. His
life with his wife had been one long-drawn-

out bitterness. The law separates you from your husband that deserted you, the law gives you control of your daughter. But there's a'moral claim as strong as a legal right. Your daughter shall marry the man she loves. Her father says so!"

She has fallen into the rocking-chair and was truging at the coller of her freek as was tugging at the collar of her frock as though she suffocated. Noting her misery

was tugging at the collar of her frock as though she suffocated. Noting her misery he hesitated..

"I'll go back West now, he said; "I didn't come to make you feel like this. And one thing be sure of—Rosy don't know who I am, shall never know. Let her think me dead, let her despise my memory. But I was justified in comin'—her love and John Croll's was my justification. I tell you the truth, accident threw the young man in my way—I heard of a stranger named Croll, sick and helpless; the name struck me; I went to see him. I took him to my ranch and nursed him. I am Bill Slocum out there; so he calls me." me." "An' what brought you here, besides the

daughter who I am, for I love her now as I loved her when she was a baby, and if she

loved her when she was a baby, and if she knew me she'd love me, perhaps take some of her love of you to give to me.,"

"You came because it is Mary Croll's boy she cares for."

"Woman!" he cried, helplessly, "have you no feelin'? Yes," he went on, passionately, "I did come for somethin else beside the love of a young woman and a young man; I came for the sake of old times. I had tried to forget the old times—the old miserable life. But when John Croll came to me stricken with love, and I had long watches of quiet nights listenin' to his wanderin' speeches up rose before me my own young quiet nights listenin' to his wanderin' speeches up rose before me my own young days when I was wronged by two women—her who had my boyish affection and played with it, and her in whose long love of me I saw a recompense for the frailty of another's promises, her who loved me and would teach me in time to love her better than I'd ever loved before—for the Lord makes love to roward love her than better than I'd ever loved before—for the Lord makes love to reward love—her, the mother of my little child—my wife. Listenin' to the fever-maunderin's of Mary Croll's son I grew wistful for a sight of my wife and child. How did I know that my wife hadn't married again?—I had treated her wretchedly in these years of silence while my heart held hatred for her, and she had always mistrusted my old feelin' for her. But I wanted to see her and my girl; the long lonesome watches beside a man that brought my early life up before me made me want to see 'em. So I come. And—and," something clicked in his throat, "God forgive you, Martha, you've got your revenge at last!"

ast!"

He hurried away from her; he reached the garden gate and was in the dusty road beyond. As she had driven him forth twenty years ago,

garden gate and was in the dusty road beyond. As she had driven him forth twenty years ago, so she drove him forth now.

But he was older now, could not bear it so easily, and his child was in grief which he could not assuage, and in her mother's heart was no love for God or man. He stumbled and fell. He arose and staggered on. He had never been loved, the only creature in the world who might pity him, if not love him, was his daughter, and he dared not divulge himself to her for fear she would despise him for making her mother what she was.

Not loved? There was a panting back of him as the panting of an animal chased by cruel pursuers until it is like to fall from exhaustion; a pair of thin arms were convulsively thrown around him.

"Stay wi' me, Thaddeus, stay wi' me. I see it all now, I see it all now, an' I'm frightened nigh to death. I drove you away, I've done fetched you back. Let that be your justification—that your pore blind wife sees at last after twenty years' blindness, an' like him in the Bible she can't see well at first, but men look like trees walkin', an' she must be led by some one that loves her. Stay wi' me; I'm feared to be wi'out you, an' my heart—my heart—Oh Lord! Lord!"

"Mother! mother!" screamed a young agitated voice. And Rosy came running toward them from the four elms.

Nuncy. (From the Boston Globs.)
Her head is full of fancies,
That pretty head of Nancy's, Of olden time romances She breathes the very air ; Adown her dreams there dance A vision that entrances That tender heart of Nancy's And takes it in a snare.

Adown her dream there prances

A charge of knights with lances, All amitten with the glances Of Nancy, I will swear ; The guerdon that she grants is

That little band of Nancy's.

Her knight will have red hair. They Never Sleep. (From the Steum City Argus.) cientist remarks that there as nature that never sleep. Tes, that's true—and they won't let anybody size sleep, either—that is, I have been told so. Some say insect powder will kill 'em, but Jones, who has fought through many wars, says the only pop-sure thing is to burn up the bedstead. But Fushionable Ladies Also Lean Towards Fox and Bull Terriers.

better adapted for ladies' pets and lapdogs because they are so gentle, affectionate and easily managed. Still a great many ladies are showing an riers, no doubt because they have the reputa-

from \$200 up.
Other ladies' pets are King Charles and

of vitiating the stock, but it has changed the entire character of the dog, both in form and disposition. It has made him less heavy in appearance, given him longer legs, and made him cross and surly in disposition and treacherous even toward his own master. In a word, he has acquired the characteristics of the mastiff and berghund, and instead of being governed by an instinct to save and protect life, as is natural to the St. Bernard, is actually fitted to destroy life, for he is fierce and ill-tempered and will attack anyone, even to little children, if they happen to come in his way. The importation of some of the purebred dogs from Switzerland during the past few years has shown the American public what the St. Bernard really is, and now everyone is trying to breed them. For watchdogs and pets universal opinion pronounces

As the audience were leaving the theatre an

When the cab was secured the gentleman, handing the lady in, asked in an insimaling tone of voice: "Where shall we drive to?"
The lady gave au address, and while the male party communicated the same to the driver she stepped inside, closed the door and telling the coachman to drive on, presented the insimuating stranger with a two-sous piece. The horrified look on the man's face as he gazed steadily at the coin was a study for an artist.

at college, Tom ? Tom-Let's see. There is Ed Pender, can curve a